

THE FAN

I used to be a
big Yankee fan,
grew up idolizing
The Mick, Whitey Ford,
Yogi and the boys.
Lapsed for awhile
in the sixties but
I came back. Say
what you want about
Reggie Jackson,
he could make things
happen on the ball
field even George
Steinbrenner couldn't
undo. Class Yankee
acts are a thing of
the past; rooting
for the Yankees now
is like rooting for
the IRS

HOT STUFF

She was real hot stuff
Hair by Sassoon
Face by Revlon
Wardrobe by Calvin Klein.
Wanted something
that would Light
the Inner Fire,
if I knew what she meant.
I guessed that I did.
Made her a Bloody Mary
with enough Tabasco Sauce
and horseradish in it
to kill a full grown
German shepherd in
the prime of life.
When I asked her if
her drink was all right
she was speechless,
had tears in her eyes,
was fanning the air
all the way down her
Throat by Mt. St. Helens.

SOJOURNER TRUTH IN THE SCHENECTADY PUBLIC LIBRARY

All morning she sits in the far
corner, behind the three hundreds,
tracing geometric patterns on an
open racing form with a felt-tip pen,
has seven of the first nine at Saratoga
in the margins, a full card at Yonkers
and half of Hollywood Park to go before
1 PM post time. She flips through
the pages of A Reader's Guide to
Periodical Literature, looking things
up at random, pausing over an entry
from Time, she smiles, draws a box
for a daily double combination, writes
in the letters B and J, gathers her
belongings stuffed into large brown
garbage bags, mumbling, "B and J, that's
the ticket," to all she passes, describing
in detail, the dead heat on a Florida
flat track.